

**DELL**

NO. 515

ALL BRAND-NEW STORIES

10¢

# KING

## of the Royal Mounted



**TROUBLE AT  
AVALANCHE PASS**



IN THE YEAR 1774, SAMUEL HEARNES CHOSE THE SITE OF CUMBERLAND HOUSE ON THE SASKATCHEWAN WHERE GREAT WATER ROUTES MET.



IT WAS DESTINED TO BE A FAMOUS HUSCON'S BAY TRADING POST, THE FIRST ONE NEVER TO BE ABANDONED AS A WHITE MAN'S RESIDENCE.



THE GROUND PLAN OF SUCH A HUSCON'S BAY TRADING POST LOOKED LIKE THIS. IT WAS A FORT, A STORE AND A RESIDENCE.



YORK BOATS LIKE THIS ONE BROUGHT THIRTY TONS OF PEMMICAN TO CUMBERLAND HOUSE EACH YEAR TO FEED THE FUR BRIGADES.



THE PEMMICAN, WHICH WAS ORIED BUFFALO MEAT, WAS GROUND AND MIXED WITH TALLOW IN NINETY POUND SACKS STORED IN THE FORT.

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JUST BACK FROM PATROL, KING FINDS THE INSPECTOR WAITING IMPATIENTLY FOR HIM

# KING

of the  
Royal Mounted

## THE VANISHING HERD



LATE THE FOLLOWING DAY, KING'S PLANE WINGS OVER THE BORDER OF THE ENORMOUS PARK.



LARSEN FLY OVER THAT CHAIN OF LITTLE LAKES? THERE'S A CHANCE WE MIGHT SPOT SOME THING.

DO YOU EXPECT TO SEE ANYTHING BESIDES GOOSE AND QUACK, KING?

I HAVE A HUNCH--- THERE AT 10" A PLANE'S WING-TIP, HALF HIDDEN IN THE BUSHES.



A TALL NORTHERN SPRUCE SLANTS ACROSS A NARROW COVE HIDING THE SMALL FLOAT PLANE FROM ALL BUT THE SHARPEST EYES.



SET US DOWN ON THE NEXT LAKE, LARSEN? WOOD-TOOS AND I WILL WALK BACK!

ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT! IT LOOKS AS IF YOUR HUNCH WILL PAY OFF!



I'LL PUT YOU AS CLOSE TO LAND AS I CAN, SERGEANT!





WAIT THREE HOURS, LARSEN! IF WE'RE NOT BACK THEN, TAKE OFF -- PICK US UP NEXT WEEK AT PARK HEADQUARTERS!

DEAR, SERGEANT! LUCK!



AN HOUR LATER --

THERE'S THE LAKE WHERE I SPOTTED THE PLANE, MOOD-TOOD! THE COWIE IS A LITTLE PARTNER ON



DO YOU SEE ANY SIGN OF LIFE AROUND IT, MOOD-TOOD?

WHY NOBODY HERE!



TWO MEN LEAVE PLANE -- MEURE TWO-THREE HOURS AGO -- HUN?

A RIFLE SHOT! ABOUT A MILE AWAY



LOOK, PURKETT? WHY CAN'T WE  
GO BACK AND GET THAT BUFFALO'S  
HEAD NOW?—INSTEAD OF FOOLING  
AROUND UNTIL DARK? THERE'S NO  
BODY ELSE IN WILES

MAYBE SO---AND  
MAYBE AN INDIAN  
HUNTER WOULD  
SPOT US AND  
REPORT TO THE  
NEAREST WARDEN?  
TOO DANGEROUS!



WE'LL WAIT AT THE PLANE TILL DARK---AND  
THAT'S THAT, CRAMER? COME ON! IT'S FOUR HICK,  
TOO---IF WE'RE CAUGHT!



WE HEAR PLENTY, KING!  
WE TAKE 'EM NOW!

NO, MOOS-TOOS! WE  
NEED BETTER EVIDENCE!  
WHEN THEY COME TO TAKE  
THE 'HEAD' THEY WERE SPEAKING  
OF---WE'LL CATCH THEM RED-  
HANDED!



HICK TRACKS PLAIN  
LIKE ROAD-BIG MAN'S  
FOOTPRINT!



THERE!

IT'S CRAMER'S KILL! WE'LL HAVE  
A LOOK AT IT!



BRAIN SHOT! BULL DEAD  
BEFORE WE FALL!

SHOOTING PARK BUFFALO  
IS LIKE SHOOTING CATTLE  
---BUT SPORTS LIKE CRAMER  
WILL PAY BIG MONEY TO DO IT,  
AND BREAK THE LAW!



WE'LL HAVE A FEW HOURS TO WAIT, MOOS-TOOS, BEFORE OUR POACHERS COME BACK! THIS SPRUCE BLUFF WILL HAVE A GOOD BLIND TO WATCH FROM!



THIS PARK PRETTY BIG, KING?

SO BIG THAT THEY'D HAVE TO KEEP PLACES IN THE AIR ALL THE TIME TO PATROL, IF EVEN THEN, POACHERS MIGHT TEST A CHANCE!



THERE'S JUST ONE WAY TO STOP POACHING- CATCH ONE OF THE GANG WHO WILL CONFESS TO HAVE HANDLED A FEW YEARS IN PRISON--- THEN ARREST THE RING LEADERS! TONIGHT MAY BE OUR BREAK!



JUST AFTER NOONWISE

LOOK, MOOS-TOOS---OVER NEAR THE RILL! HOW DID THOSE TWO GET SO CLOSE TO US?

WEN! YOU LOOK AGAIN! THEY NOT MOVE LIKE MEN!



FROM A DISTANCE, THE HUNKED FORMS OF TWO GRIZZLY BEARS JOE SUGGEST STOOPIING MEN--BUT THEIR MOTIONS ARE DIFFERENT



HOW MEN COME! HEAR VOICES!

YES! CRANER AND HIS GUYS! THEY'LL GET A SURPRISE, IF THOSE BEARS ARE REALLY MANDRY!





THE BEARS TOO HAVE CAUGHT THE SOUND OF VOICES!



IT IS ALWAYS HARD TO TELL WHAT A BEAR IS GOING TO DO! THESE MONSTERS CHOOSE TO MOVE QUIETLY AWAY!



BUT THE SAME WINDZE WHICH CARRIED THE HUNTER'S VOICES TO THE BEARS, CARRIED THE BEARS' MUSTY SCENT TO A HORN OF WILD BUFFALO ACROSS THE PRAIRIE. THE LEADER SHORTS, BELLOWS IN ANGER.



--AND HEADS FOR THE BAITED SCENT WITH HIS HORN AFTER HIM.



THE LOW RUMBLE OF HUNTY HOOFS BARRS THE BEARS! THEY STOP TO CONSIDER A SAFE DIRECTION----



"SCARS!"

"STOP! YOU KNOthead!"

"SCARS!"



SAYABLY, THE BIGGEST BRIZZLY BITES AT THE BOUND...



...AND CHARGES!



YOU'VE DONE IT NOW, GAMMER! SHOOT STAMPA NOW!



THE FOOLS- SHOOTING AT BRIZZLES AFTER GRRR...

ROAR! WHIF!



BUFFALO STAMPEDE!  
CAN'T STOP-UP!

RIGHT MOOS-TOOS!  
THEY SMELLED  
THE BEARS!





WITHOUT A PAUSE, THE CRAZED BAYTES STAMPEDE ACROSS THE LITTLE PRAIRIE---



---AS THE MOON IS BLACKED OUT BY A WIND-DRIVEN CLOUD--



MADE DARK NOW! BUFFALO  
BULL OVER THERE--I THINK!

THERE'S NO HURRY NOW!  
WE'LL WAIT FOR THE MOON  
TO COME OUT AGAIN,  
MOOS-TOOS!



MOMENTS LATER---IN BRIGHT MOONLIGHT---

THERE!--NO, THAT'S ONE  
OF THE BEARS!--DEAD!

WHERE POACHERS  
LYING UNDER  
BUNK!



WERE DONE? NOW THEY  
GET AWAY, JUNE?

THEY DIDN'T, MOOS-TOOS!  
THEY MUST HAVE DROVE  
DOWN BEHIND THE DEAD BULL---AND  
THE BEAR SPILT! WE COULDN'T SEE  
THAT FROM WHERE WE STOOD!



MY GUESS IS THAT WHEN THE BUFFS WERE DONE,  
CRAMER PANICKED AND RAN FOR THE PLANE--- WITH  
FURKETT AFTER HIM! WE'D BETTER HIDE ON THE  
OTHER SIDE AND WAIT FOR THEM!



AFTER TWENTY MINUTES---

IT'S FOOLISH WAITING LONGER.  
MOOS-TOOS! EITHER THOSE POACHERS  
SAW US--OR CRAMER IS STILL IN A  
BLUE FUNK!

LOST! WHERE  
TAKE US OFF  
IN PLANE?



THEY AWAIT! TAKE OFF--- WITHOUT THE TROPHY HEAD  
--- BUT I DOUBT IT! THERE'S A GHOSTLY TO BEIN, MOOS!  
--- MAYBE TWO OF THEM?





PURKETT'S REACTION IS LIKE A WILDKAT'S! A WRENCH  
SLAMS IN HIS LEFT HAND



WITH A FOOT, THE POACHER REACHES OUT TO  
TRIP KING...



---AND THEY GO DOWN WITH A JARRING THUD!



AND THE POACHER'S WRENCH THWIPS INTO  
KING'S FORE ARM



---SPOILING KING'S GRIP! TWISTING AWAY LIKE AN EEL,  
PURKETT DIVES INTO THE  
WOODS







YOU'RE JUST LUCKY, HONKIE! IF THAT ENGINE HAD STARTED ---

IT COULDN'T START, PURKETT!



I REMOVED THIS VITAL PART WHEN I FIRST FOUND YOUR PLANE! NOW, GET BACK IN AND WE'LL ALL TAKE OFF!

A WEEK LATER, AT DETACHMENT HEADQUARTERS ---



SERGEANT KING REPORTING, SIR --- WITH MOOS-TOOS!

COME IN, BOTH OF YOU! I HAVE GOOD NEWS!



WE FLEW PURKETT TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE THE WOUNDED SARGE WARDEN IDENTIFIED HIM AS THE MAN WHO HAD SHOT HIM! AFTER THAT, PURKETT TALKED ---

ABOUT ONE POACHING RING, OR "CLUB," SIR!



YES --- ABOUT THE "CLUB," WE HAVE ARRESTED THE KING LEADERS! THEY AND THE SPORTSMAN CRANER ARE FACING TRIAL ---



AND I BELIEVE WE'LL HAVE NO MORE PARK BUFFALO KILLED ILLEGALLY FOR A LONG TIME --- THANKS TO YOUR GOOD WORK! DISMISSED, SERGEANT --- AND MOOS-TOOS!

THANK YOU, SIR!

YAH!



# The Helping HAND

The spring thaw had come and gone and though Summer was almost at hand, the Canadian morning air was still brisk and cold.

Bruce Larkin knelt before the wood-burning stove and tossed another piece of kindling into the fire. He slammed the iron door shut with a clang. "It's no use," he said as he straightened up. "We've tried, but we're beaten. We might as well face it."

"We will when the time comes, only I don't believe we're beaten—not yet anyway!" The words were spoken by Bruce's pretty wife, Jane. She came over to where he stood and placed her hands on his shoulders. "You're a first rate doctor," she said quietly, "but in these northern territories, acceptance comes slowly. You knew that when you decided to take over Doctor Grayson's practice."

He nodded his head in silent agreement. It was true all right. He knew it wouldn't be easy, but it was this very challenge that made him accept. Only that was five months back, and he had made no headway since. The neighboring trappers and lumberjacks were polite, but they kept a cool distance. And what he knew all too well, deep down inside, was that until he could win their trust and confidence he could never really be their doctor.

He took her hands gently in his. "We all make mistakes," he said. "Mine was coming north. Anyway, I've made arrangements. We'll be leaving at the end of the month."

He could hear Jane's gasp of surprise, but before she could speak the cabin door shook beneath heavy blows and a voice cried out.

The caller was Jake Le Mieux. Breathless and flushed, he blurted out the news.

A trapper's young son had slipped and fallen while playing with some friends along Fife's Ridge. A projection of shelf-rock some distance below had broken the fall, but the boy was badly hurt.

Bruce Larkin stopped only long enough to snatch up his medical bag and hat; then they were out the door.

A rescue party had already gathered when Larkin arrived on the scene. Peering over the edge, he could see the boy sprawled out on the ledge below. His practiced eye missed nothing. The right leg formed an awkward, unnatural angle. It was definitely broken.

Some of the rescuers had now rigged up a crude rope sling and one of the men was about to be lowered. "Hold it," Larkin cried out. "He can't be moved in his condition, at least not until I get to him!"

They didn't argue, but did as they were told. Minutes later, while the men above slowly lowered the sling, Doctor Bruce Larkin reached the boy's side. He worked swiftly, and by the time the splints were in place the boy had regained consciousness. Fortunately, a quick examination showed no further damage than the leg. Carefully placing the lad in the sling, he gave the signal to haul away.

When Bruce himself was hauled up, the men stood back respectfully. One of them held Bruce's hat, another picked up his bag. "You took your chances in that sling," said Jake Le Mieux. "It's not the sort of thing we'd expect from an outsider."

"I was thinking of the boy," Bruce said simply.

Suddenly they were surrounding him, pumping his hand and pounding him on the back. They didn't have to say it. He could see it in their eyes, the confidence and trust he had all but given up hope of ever gaining.

He didn't have to tell Jane when he got back to the cabin. She could read it in his eyes and smile.

"Then we're not leaving?" she whispered.

"Of course not," said Bruce. "I'm their doctor. This is where I belong."

# TRUE NORTHERN ADVENTURES

## THE LAST OF HER TRIBE

DEEP IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES IN ABOUT 1840 THE SHANE AND ASSINIBOIN TRIBES AGREED TO TALK PEACE WITH EACH OTHER. THE PLACE WAS TO BE THE ASSINIBOIN CAMP.



AT THE TIME AGREED UPON, ALL THE MEN OF THE SHANE TRIBE ARRIVED. AS THEY HAD AGREED, THEY BROUGHT NO WEAPONS.



THE ASSINIBOIN WERE WAITING IN A SOLEMN CIRCLE AROUND THE COUNCIL FIRE --- A CIRCLE WHICH OPENED TO ADMIT THE NEWCOMERS. NO GUNS OR OTHER WEAPONS WERE TO BE SEEN.



WHEN THE SHANE WERE ALL SEATED, A SIGNAL WAS GIVEN --- AND RIFLES, SNATCHED FROM UNDER THE ASSINIBOIN'S BLANKETS, MOVED DOWN BY SHANE WARRIORS.



AFTER THE MURDER OF THE SHAKS FIGHTING MEN, THE ASSASSINS  
SET OFF FOR THE SHAKS' VILLAGE WITH MORE KILLINGS IN MIND



---WHEN THEY WERE BACK TO THE ASSASSIN CAMP  
ON LAC BAILLE



BELLEROSE, KNOWING THAT THE GIRLS WOULD BE DOOMED  
TO A SHORT LIFE AND A BITTER ONE, CUT THEIR BOWDS---AT  
THE RISK OF HIS LIFE



SURROUNDING THE PLACE, THEY FIRED OUT EVERY  
LIVING THING, EXCEPT THREE YOUNG WOMEN---



---AND THERE THEY WERE LEFT IN A TEEPEE, SOUND HAND  
AND FOOT! THEY HAD ONE VISITOR---A FRENCH-INDIAN  
CALLED BELLEROSE!



HE SAID THEY'LL BE ABLE TO BRINGING  
THE TEEPEE---HIS KNIFE, A LITTLE BAG WITH FLINT  
AND STEEL, AND Tinder---FOR LIGHTING FIRES.



THE THREE GIRLS HAD NO HOME---NO FAMILY TO RETURN TO! THEIR ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO GET AS FAR AWAY AS THEY COULD.



REACHING THE BAPTISTE RIVER WHERE IT JOINS THE ATHABASCA, THEY MADE A TRAIL RAFT OF DRIFTWOOD LACED WITH WYTHES AND BARK. TWO OF THE GIRLS WERE DETERMINED TO CROSS.



--- BUT THE THIRD, WHOM WE MAY CALL PA-PAS-KA-JON LITTLE BIRD, REFUSED FOR SOME REASON THEY DIVIDED THEIR POSSESSIONS, PA-PAS-KA TAKING ONLY THE RAFT.

PAPA-SKI NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN AFTER THEY CROSSED THE RIVER. NOW DID ANYBODY ELSE, SO FAR AS IS KNOWN.



THE LONG GIRL TRAVELED UP THE SMALLER RIVER TOWARD WHAT LOOKED LIKE BLOOD-HUNTING GROUND. SHE LIVED ON BERRIES ---

--- AND ON SUCH SMALL GAME AS SHE COULD TAKE WITH WEAPONS SHE MADE HERSELF. SHE GREW THE BOWS FROM SKINNED TAILS AND JOINED THESE TO MAKE RABBIT SHAPES.



PAPASKU KNEW THAT SHE MUST SPEND THE SUMMER STOCKING FOOD FOR THE BITTER WINTER MONTHS. SHE MADE BEAN CLOTHES FROM RABBIT SKINS AND SMOKED MEAT TO STORE AWAY.



THE FOLLOWING SUMMER THAT SAME HUNTER CAME BACK TO LEARN IF THE MARKS OF THE "WEEYIGO" TRACKS STILL WAS AROUND. HE FOUND PAPASKU'S CAVE AND A FIRE BURNING



WHEN SHE TRIED TO ESCAPE, THE INDIAN RAN HER DOWN -- REALIZING THAT LONELINESS AND PAINFUL MEMORIES HAD NEARLY TURNED HER MIND.



THAT FALL, AN INDIAN INDIAN, HUNTING FAR FROM HIS USUAL TERRITORY, FOUND THE TRACKS OF PAPASKU'S HOME MADE "SNOWSHOES" AND THOUGHT FEARFULLY OF FOREST FLEES OR "WEEYIGO".



HE WAITED UNTIL SHE RETURNED -- AND RECOGNIZED HER FOR ONE OF THE GIRLS WHO HAD ESCAPED THE ASSASSINATION. MATSACHED? BUT PAPASKU, AT SIGHT OF A STRANGE INDIAN, WAS TERRIFIED.



GENTLY HE SOOTHED HER AND LED HER BACK TO HIS WIFE AND FAMILY. HER SUFFERINGS WERE OVER! LATER SHE MARRIED AND KNEW THE COMFORT OF HAVING HER OWN HOME.



HOT ON THE TRAIL OF A RUNNER NAMED UGALL, SERGEANT KING MAKES A SHARP GUESS.

# KING

of the  
Royal Mounted

TROUBLE  
AT  
AVALANCHE  
PASS

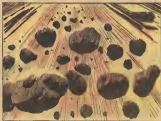


FAR BELOW THE CLIFF TRAIL-- IN A NEST OF ROCKS---



THE ROCK HURLED BY SMALL STRIKES HIGH ON THE SLOPE OF LOOSE ROCK---

--- THE SHOCK STARTS A SLIDE THIRTY FEET WIDE, WHICH GATHERS MASS AND SPEED!





ON FOOT--HIS APPROACH COVERED BY THE ROAR OF THE SECOND ROCK SLIDE, KIM TRIED TO GET WITHIN PISTOL RANGE BEFORE THE OUTLAW SEES HIM.

---AND ALMOST SUCCEEDED?



LISTEN, MOUNTIE! I'VE GOT YOU AND THOSE TWO GUMB PROSPECTORS RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU! I'M OUT OF YOUR PISTOL'S RANGE--AND THEY CAN'T HIDE ON THAT LEDGE UP THERE! SO YOU DO WHAT I TELL YOU!--







NO TRICKS, NOW, MOUNTIE! NOBODY EVER OUTSMARTED  
WOOLY WOALL, AND LIVED TO TELL OF IT!



YOU KNOW, MOUNTIE, I MAY LET YOU LIVE, IF YOU  
SET THAT GOLD FOR ME --- AT LEAST UNTIL YOU  
STARVE TO DEATH ON THAT CLIFF! JAW JAW!



WELL, HERE WE ARE, WOALL! THAT STUNTED TREE, SHOWING  
JUST ABOVE THE OVERHANG WILL  
HOLD MY ROPE! DO YOU FEEL  
LIKE FOLLOWING ME DOWN?

YOU GO FIRST,  
MOUNTIE! IF YOU  
MAKE IT ---  
WITHOUT STARTING  
ANOTHER SLIDE---  
I'LL FOLLOW!



YOU'RE PLUMB CRAZY, MOUNTIE! THE WHOLE  
THING IS GOING TO LET LOOSE! BUT IT'S YOUR  
FUNERAL!



COMING, WOALL! SOME-  
BODY'S GOT TO PULL  
UP THE GOLD!

THAT WILL BE FOR YOU! GO  
ON DOWN AND PERHAPS  
THOSE OLD BOATS --- !







BELOW, ON THE LEDGE, UNDER THE OVERHANG ---



LET 'EM KEEP THEM IN GOLD--- AND ONE SILVER!---  
IF THEY'RE STILL ALIVE ON THAT LEDGE! I'LL HAVE  
THE MOUNTAIN'S HORSE, ANY WAY! ---



LOOK! WE CAN MAKE A WALL WITH  
THESE ROCKS-- SO IF THAT KILLER  
TRIES TO SHOOT US FROM BELOW--

SO GOOD IDEAS!  
BUT FIRST I'LL  
MADE SURE HE  
DOESN'T CATCH  
MY HORSE!



FINALLY TO ONLY KING'S CODED SIGNALS, STOPPING ANSWERS  
THE DISTANT WHISTLE



---AND GATHERS THE DROPPED REINS  
IN HIS TEETH



WHIRLING ABOUT, HE GALLOPS OUT OF SIGHT---LIKE A WILD  
HORSE WHO HAS SCENTED DANGER



IN A BARRIST OF PITY, WOLF WOULD EMPLOY HIS RIFLE\*



BUT THE DISTANCE IS TOO GREAT---AND WOLF'S AIM  
IS SPOILED BY ANGER! NOT A BULLET FINDS HIS TARGET\*



I'VE GOT A MIND TO GO DOWN THE PASS AND  
SHOOT THOSE JACKERS UP---



---BUT THAT WOULD'NT GET ME THEIR GOLD---  
THE STUBBORN OUS FOOLS---AND THEN THEY AVERT HIT  
ME WITH A LUCKY SHOT! I'LL LEAVE THEM TO STARVE  
---AND THAT WILL COVER MY TRAIL GRAY\*



WE WOULD HAVE A BETTER CHANCE  
DOWN THERE AMONG THE LARGER  
ROCKS, MEN --- IF USALL WANTS A  
GUN FIGHT!

HOW DO YOU MEAN, KING?  
WE'D BREAK OUR NECKS  
BEFORE WE GET DOWN  
THERE!



NOT IF WE MAKE A HOLE OF OUR OWN  
BUT WE'D BETTER HURRY --- !



I'LL LOWER YOU MEN  
DOWN FIRST --- THEN THE  
COGS

AND WHO WILL LOWER  
FOR, SERGEANT? WE'LL  
NEED OUR CLOTHES!



I WON'T HAVE TOO FAR TO DROP!  
USALL REALLY DID US A FAVOR  
WITH HIS LAST ROCK SLIDE ---  
MOST OF IT PILED UP BELOW US!

HUH! I NEVER  
THOUGHT OF  
THAT!



ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT! WE'VE MOVED  
THE BIGGEST ROCKS OUT OF  
YOUR WAY --- !

THANKS!  
COMING NOW --- !



MAN --- WHAT  
A DROP!











A FRIGHTENED YELL IS HEARD FROM GALL AS HE FEELS HIMSELF FALLING, STILL CLUTCHING KING.





# "THE NIGHT STEALERS"

...were they men or animals?



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# ESKIMO WAYS THE SLED DOG

THE ESKIMO SLED DOG IS WELL ADAPTED TO HIS SAVAGE, FROZEN WORLD. HE IS TOUGH AND SPEEDY, AND A WILLING WORKER.



HE DOES VERY WELL IF FED A DIET OF FROZEN FISH, OR SEAL MEAT TWO OR THREE TIMES A WEEK, AND HE BOLTS IT ALMOST WHOLE.



HE IS READY TO FIGHT AT THE DROP OF A TAIL, AND HE REALLY MEANS BUSINESS! HIS OWNER MUST STOP A FIGHT QUICKLY!



WHEN A POLAR BEAR IS SCOTED OR SIGHTED, NOTHING CAN HOLD THE ESKIMO DOG BACK. HE LOSES ALL CAUTION, AND ATTACKS!



ONLY BY QUICKLY KILLING THE BEAR, CAN THE HUNTER SAVE HIS DOG TEAM WHICH WOULD OTHERWISE FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

## THE ESKIMO'S KAYAK



THERE ARE STILL ESKIMOS WHO DARE TO HUNT THE WALRUS IN THE OLD-FASHIONED MANNER WITH A HARPOON FROM A TRAIL, SEALSKIN-COVERED CANOE OR KAYAK. THIS METHOD GIVES THE FIERCE BULL WALRUS ALMOST EQUAL ODDS.



HE IS A POWERFUL SWIMMER, AND FAIRLY FAST. IN HIS FIGHTING RAGE HE LOSETH ALL FEAR, ATTACKING AGAIN AND AGAIN.



IF THE GREAT TUSKS OF THE WALRUS PIERCE THE ESKIMO'S KAYAK, THE MAN IS LIKELY TO GO DOWN WITH HIS LITTLE CRAFT INTO THE SEA.



BUT THE ESKIMO AND HIS KAYAK SEEM TO BE ABLE TO DOOMIE ALMOST AS SWIFTLY AS A SEAL. THE ESKIMO CAN TURN HIMSELF AND HIS KAYAK OVER AND OVER IN THE WATER, WITHOUT LETTING IN A DROP.